

Newport Mercury

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The Newport Mercury,
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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-eighth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than a dozen exceptions, the only one printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of fifty-six columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable advertisements. It is a large family paper, and is read by nearly every household in this and other States. It is the only paper in the city which is able to furnish a full and complete list of the names of all the persons who are living in the city. It is the only paper in the city which is able to furnish a full and complete list of the names of all the persons who are living in the city. It is the only paper in the city which is able to furnish a full and complete list of the names of all the persons who are living in the city.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

NEWPORT COUNCIL No. 31, Order United American Mechanics, Edward M. Gladding, Councilor; James E. Mathewson, Recording Secretary; meets every Monday evening. RHOODE ISLAND No. 13, I. O. of O. F., Geo. T. Lewis, Noble Grand; Herbert A. Kaul, Secretary; meets every Tuesday evening. HARMONIA No. 59, M. F. O. P., Richard B. Scott, Warden; James H. Goodland, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings in each month. THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Ledwith Mahan, President; Alexander McGowan, Secretary; meets 2d and 4th Wednesday evenings of each month. OCEAN LODGE No. 7, I. O. of U. W., O. H. Boren, Master Workman; Geo. A. Pritchard, Recorder; meets 1st and 3d Thursday evenings. FARMERS AND LABORERS No. 336, K. of H., District, Samuel Peck, Reporter, C. H. Gladding, meets 2d and 4th Thursday evenings. NEWPORT LODGE No. 11, K. of P., John M. Holt, Chancellor; Commander; Daniel P. Holt, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets every Friday evening. DAVID DIVISION No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain, A. B. Davis; Charles H. Keane, Jr., Recorder; meets last Friday evening in each month.

Local Matters.

The Haymakers.

The Improved Order of Red Men, one of the most popular of the secret societies in this city, has been augmented by another branch which promises to meet with as much general favor as does Weenat Shassit Tribe and Minneola Council, D. of P. The new offspring of the Tribe, which was instituted at Odd Fellows Hall Wednesday night by W. Leary of Cherokee Haymakers No. 24 of Cherokee, N. Y., will be known as Haymakers Council No. 64, I. O. of R. M. The degree work will be exemplified at the next meeting of the Council, which will be held August 14. The officers installed were: Past Chief Haymaker—Arthur L. Gilman. Chief Haymaker—Hugh N. Gifford. Assistant Chief Haymaker—William Burdette. Overseer—Charles A. Eldridge. Co-ordinator of Straws—Harry M. Feabody. Keeper of Bundles—Robert Melton. Honorary—Marion Clark. Boss Driver—Walter Deane. Guard of Haylofts—George E. Houghton, Jr. Guard of Barn Door—Joseph Ellis. Steward—Mr. James H. Batoray, 24, Arthur L. Gilman; 1, Remington Ward.

Annual Field Day.

Next Wednesday the annual field day of the Rhode Island Lodges, New England Order of Protection, will be held at Tiverton and it promises to be a grand affair. Mariner's Lodge of Tiverton, although young in the Order, is one of the most popular lodges in the State and its reputation for good entertaining will be sustained on Wednesday. Situated at the mouth of the Saconnet River, Tiverton commands a fine view of Mt. Hope Bay and the Island of Rhode Island. It has a fine beach, and has excellent facilities for boating, fishing, etc. A fine pavilion has been erected on the shore, where Rhode Island clambakes are served. The grounds have been exclusively engaged for the day, a ball game and games for ladies have been arranged, and a very pleasant day is promised. No doubt the Field Day of '96 will be one long to be remembered. It is expected that a number of the members of Malbone Lodge of this city will be present.

An inquest as to the cause of death of Mrs. Catherine Shea was held at the State House on Wednesday which, at the request of Attorney General Dabbs, was private; no one being admitted except those whom it was necessary should be present. Yesterday James Shea, the husband of the deceased woman, who was under arrest on a charge of causing his wife's death by a kick, was taken before the district court and adjudged probably guilty. He was committed to jail without bail to await the action of the grand jury at the next session of the Supreme Court.

Base Ball.

The games this week have been of a decidedly uninteresting character and the attendance has been small, owing to the game on last Saturday which came very near ending in a "kick." The Carters of Franklin, composed largely of college players, came here with the intention of showing the Newporters how to play ball, bringing an umpire with them. In the sixth inning Burke knocked out a two bagger and, in passing first, Casey, the Carter's umpire, claimed he did not touch the base and called the attention of the visiting team to the fact. The ball was then sent back to first and Burke called out. This started the fun, but after listening to eloquent oratory for about half an hour Burke was allowed to remain on second and the game continued. Woodcock, the old Brown pitcher, was in the box, and Weeks, also a Brown man, covered first. Dowd pitched a good game for the Newporters notwithstanding his cut wrist. The score: Carters 3 0 1 0 0 2 0 0 x—8 Newporters 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—3

On Tuesday the Newporters met the Boston Union, a weak team whom the old Newporters defeated before we had a professional nine in this city, and were victorious by the decidedly one sided score of 28 to 6. Cozzens pitched for the Newporters and did very well though he still needs a little more control of the ball. He allowed the visitors but five hits and eleven men struck out. Jupiter, who formerly pitched on the Cuban Giants, played in the same position for the Boston Union but was badly fooled. Donovan, in second, had four errors out of twelve chances, rather of a poor showing, but as he is generally in good form, the crowd was willing to excuse them. The score by innings was: Newporters 1 1 1 1 6 3 1 3 2 0—28 Boston Union 2 0 0 2 1 0 0 0—5

The Newporters paid a visit to Westerly Wednesday and were defeated by a score of 9 to 4, owing—so they said—to the fact that the field was covered with long grass, making sharp playing impossible. In the first inning the Westers made six runs, but after that Brady who pitched for the Newporters, woke up and kept the home batters guessing until the eighth, when three more runs were added. Andrew Kane covered second for four innings, when he changed positions with Cozzens, considerably strengthening the infield. The Newporters scored but five hits from Clancy, and made eight errors, which explains the score. Deputy Sheriff Pardon S. Kaul and Detective B. H. Richards accompanied the team.

The score: Westerly 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 0—9 Newport 0 0 0 0 0 3 0 1 0—4 Thursday's game with the Collegians was an interesting contest resulting in a victory for the home nine. Among the players on the visiting team were Woodcock, Weeks, "Billy" Steere, Farnham, Jones and Rodman, who played on the Brown team, and "Slugg" Mason of Harvard. Cozzens pitched for the Newporters and was an enigma to the strong batters on the other team. He struck out five men while Woodcock struck out but one. Brady played third and Kane appeared in center field. Lowmyer being still out of condition. The umpiring was rather unsatisfactory to the spectators.

Yesterday the Newton Athletics were seen here for the first time, and an interesting contest was expected. In the evening the Newporters left for Orange to play the Orange Athletics this afternoon, and on Monday will meet the Providence League team at Freebody Park.

Accident on Thames Street.

A young lad about thirteen years of age, named Patrick Harrington, son of Michael Harrington, was riding behind a wagon on Thames street yesterday noon when his foot became caught in the wheel, breaking his leg above the knee. The ambulance was hastily summoned and he was removed to the Newport Hospital. It is not yet known whether or not he will lose the limb, as it was a very dangerous break.

The case of Walter Bartlett who lost his leg through a similar accident three or four years ago has not yet been forgotten, and the two cases should teach a lesson, not only to the boys, but also to the drivers not to allow boys to jump on behind their wagons.

Society Gossip.

Next week the season will be at its height, the fleet of the New York Yacht Club will arrive, and luncheons and dinner parties galore are in order. Every nautically inclined man or boy in the city will wear a yachting cap, whether they sail in a palatial steam yacht or a small "cat," and the trusty Banister wharf boatmen will reap the usual summer harvest.

Mr. and Mrs. "Jack" Aster left Bar Harbor on the Nourmahal Wednesday evening. They had as their guests Miss Wilson, Miss Bright, H. L. Cuttner, W. Rutherford and Center Hitchcock. The party will return to Newport on Monday or Tuesday.

The first dinner party at the "Breakers" was given Thursday evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderhilt entertained twenty guests. The table was handsomely decorated with American Beauty roses.

Mrs. Calvin Brice, whose entertainments are nearly as numerous as the days of the week, gave a charming luncheon party on Thursday in honor of her guest, Mrs. General Thomas of New York. Mrs. Thomas Howard, Mrs. J. J. Wyssong, Mrs. W. H. Osgood, Miss de Barrell, Miss Burden, Miss Clapp, Mrs. Eliza Dyer, Jr., Mrs. Hermann Gelrichs, Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks, Mrs. Henry Clews, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Miss Donaparte and Mrs. R. T. Wilson were among the guests.

The engagement of Miss Pauline Whitney, daughter of ex-Secretary Whitney, to Mr. Almeric Hugh Paget, was quietly announced here Wednesday afternoon and later confirmed by friends of both parties. The announcement created quite a stir among the cottagers, as it was understood that Miss Whitney would pass a part of August here, and her coming was looked forward to as one of the events of the summer.

The Whitneys were in Newport three years ago, when they occupied the William R. Travers villa on Narragansett avenue.

Mr. Paget is a member of the old and honored Paget family of England, and is a brother of Colonel Arthur Paget, who married the daughter of the late Mrs. Paron Stevens. Mr. Paget has, during his residence in America, spent the majority of his time in the West, where he has amassed a considerable fortune.

The annual parade of the Concocting Club will take place on Saturday, August 17. Probably fifteen or sixteen coaches will be in line. Colonel John Jacob Astor, who was initiated into the mysteries of tooling a four-in-hand by Dr. Seward Webb, will be one of the new coaches. The coaches will be driven over to the Country Club, where lunch will be served. Col. William Jay, who is spending the summer at the Pier, will be at the head of the line.

W. K. Vanderhilt returned from Bar Harbor on the Valiant early in the week, and after a couple days' stay went to New York. W. S. Hoyt and Frederic O. Beach are still guests on board the yacht.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. DeForest, who have taken possession of the Train villa, are entertaining Mrs. Duncan Elliott.

The sad intelligence of the death of John Noble Griswold, son of J. N. A. Griswold, of this city, at Colorado Springs, was received this week. Mr. Griswold had been in poor health for some time.

The subscription ball at the Casino will occur on Thursday, August 8th. This function will take place earlier this year by request as there is so much gayety planned for the latter part of the month.

Tableaux in aid of the Newport Hospital will be given at Casino on August 22d. They will be gotten up and managed by the cottagers. The patroness will be announced later.

The steam roller is at work on the Casino grounds every day preparing the tennis grounds for the tournaments on August 20. There will be more playing this year in both the lawn tennis and court tennis courts than ever before.

Mr. E. J. Herrick will address the six o'clock meeting at the Young Men's Christian Association tomorrow evening.

Mr. George Stagg of New Orleans has been the guest of State Auditor and Mrs. A. C. Landers this week.

Picturesque Thames Street.

Probably no old seaport town in all America contains a more unique or picturesque avenue than is represented by our historic Thames street. It is precisely one mile in length from the Liberty Tree on the north to Old Port Road on the south. The large cobble stones of fifty years ago have been replaced by the modern asphalt pavement. Its width in no portion of it, is over twenty feet. The fine stores that line both sides of the street afford a favorite rendezvous for shoppers. The close proximity of Fort Adams and the training station, enable the soldiers and sailors to purchase their little commodities close at home. The privates from the Fort in their neat military dress and the marines and apprentices from the training ship and station in their blue shirts and flowing pants, impart to the street a brilliant aspect. The beautiful carriages and prancing horses of the cottagers, countless drays, wagons and trucks, with innumerable bicycles and velocipedes together present a kaleidoscopic picture, which during the morning hours is exciting and fascinating. As the day wears away a complete transformation comes over the thoroughfare, the stores and shops are gradually closed, and the Casino and Ocean House become the Mecca of all pedestrians.

Annual Meeting.

The Newport Sanitary Protection Association held its annual meeting Monday afternoon, where the following officers were chosen: President—John Hare Powell. Vice Presidents—Andrew H. Almon, Dr. E. S. F. Arnold. Recording Secretary—Dr. H. H. Storer. Corresponding Secretary—Dr. H. G. Mackay. Treasurer—Dr. P. F. Curley. Consulting Architect—Crestington Withers. Consulting Engineer—George E. Warling, J. P. Cotton. Honorary Counsel—Samuel R. Honey. Sanitary Inspectors—Ward, Chapman & Farwell. Analyst—Professor W. R. Hills of Harvard.

Forester's Day, August 7, will be observed by the three local courts by a celebration in this city. They will have a parade in the morning, followed by a shore dinner at Freebody Park by Caterer McGowan. Athletic sports and base ball are in order for the afternoon and a band concert, fireworks and dancing will furnish amusement until the wee sma' hours of another day. The Foresters never do anything by halves, so a grand celebration is expected.

Archdeacon Percy Webber of Wisconsin, who conducted a week's mission at Zabiskie Memorial Chapel during Lent, officiated at that church last Sunday, when large congregations were present at all the services. The members of the parish presented him with a handsome memorial stole in token of their appreciation of his labors.

Edward W. Taylor, cook on board quarterboat Harvey, moored off the Point Judith breakwater, states that Tuesday morning he distinctly saw a right whale some 60 feet in length just outside the breakwater. When sighted it was proceeding leisurely to the eastward.

The Powhattan Cycle Club of this city will entertain the Narragansett Cycle Club of Providence and the Pawtucket Cycle Club of Pawtucket in this city tomorrow. They will enjoy a spin about the city after which they will wheel to Coddington Point, where a clambake will be served.

The third meeting of the Town and Country Club will be held next Tuesday at the residence of Mrs. Wm. G. Weld on Bellevue avenue. The president of the Club, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, will read a paper entitled "A Plea for Humor."

Work on the new engine house for the No. 5's Company is progressing rapidly, the carpenters now being at work on the inside of the building and the mason work nearly completed. It gives promise of being one of the finest engine houses in this city.

Major Bull has put up a new fence between his Bull street property and the Townsend Industrial School which is a great improvement to the appearance of both estates.

Grand Regent W. B. Westly with the officers and members of the Grand Council paid a visit to Corcoran Council, Royal Arcanum, in this city last night.

The First Methodist Sunday School enjoyed their annual picnic at Wickford on Tuesday and that of the Thames Street Methodist on Thursday.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad will bring an excursion from points between South Weymouth and Plymouth next Tuesday.

Mrs. Edward Hilton and Miss Ella Hilton of Woonsocket, R. I., have been the guests of Mrs. John Pearson this week.

Steamer King Philip brought an excursion to this city from Fall River yesterday afternoon.

Odd Fellows' Hall on Washington square, has been greatly improved in appearance by its new dress of paint.

Illuminate the City and Harbor.

According to present indications, the committee in charge of the plans for having a grand fête night are making rapid headway and, in all probability, Newport will see such a celebration as she has never seen before. If sufficient money can be raised, the decorations will be on an immense scale, especially those living should make it his business, not only to contribute all he feels able to the fund, but to personally take a share in the work. Appropriate prizes will be awarded to the best decorated boats, and this should be an incentive to all the vessels to do their best in that line. In addition to this, the surrounding buildings will be illuminated and fireworks will be set off from some point in the middle of the harbor. Bands—if sufficient funds can be raised, there will be three—will be stationed on floats or vessels at convenient points. Grand displays of fireworks will be made both from the floats and from the yachts. The date for this celebration has not yet been determined but it will probably be either August 6 or 7. If the citizens will only contribute generously there is no reason why the affair should not be a complete success and one to be remembered.

The North Atlantic Squadron, Acting Rear Admiral Bunce in command, will rendezvous at Newport on August 5 to remain for a week or two. The fleet will consist of the New York, Captain Robley B. Evans, flagship; Columbia, Captain George W. Sumner; Minneapolis, Captain George H. Wadleigh; Cincinnati, Captain Henry Glass; Raleigh, Captain Merrill Miller; Montgomery, Commander Charles H. Davis; Amphitrite, Captain W. C. Wise. The presence of these craft will prove a great addition to the fête proposed.

Tramps Arrested.

Early Wednesday morning, Deputy Sheriff Pardon S. Kaul, accompanied by Mr. George A. Wilcox took passage for Tiverton to discover and break up the rendezvous of the tramps who have been disturbing the citizens of Tiverton and vicinity all summer. When the two Newport gentlemen reached the Portanout town hall they met a body of twenty picked men from that town who were to form a part of their posse. Sheriff Kaul assumed command and the party advanced as far as Tiverton where more reinforcements were awaiting them. These consisted of about forty Tivertonites with President Lawton in command. The two parties then joined forces and the men were strung out in a long line in order to thoroughly scour the country. Several empty camps were found and destroyed but the inhabitants seemed to be absent. Finally two men were seen gathering clams on the beach and were immediately captured and sent to the rear under guard. The line then advanced on an old boiler house where fourteen men were found, four of whom, however, were allowed to depart after being identified as employees of the Church brothers.

The men who were arrested did not have the appearance of regular tramps, but were fairly well dressed and looked like working men; in fact Mr. Church stated that some of them had been in his employ at different times, but were not steady workmen. The sheriff's posse must have borne a curious appearance, being armed with a great variety of weapons from a cart stake to a shot gun.

The members of the First Baptist church are making arrangements to give a course of entertainments at the Opera House next month for the purpose of purchasing a new organ. The organ will bear two tablets to the memory of the first two pastors of the church.

Rev. Dr. Wallace Radcliff, pastor New York avenue Presbyterian church, Washington D. C., will occupy the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church, Broadway, Sunday morning at quarter before 11 o'clock. Everybody welcome.

The polo tournaments scheduled for Newport will be held August 12 to 21. These will probably be the last games played on the Westchester Polo Ground.

Mr. Alex's Slocum, formerly of this city, is seriously ill at his home in Pawtucket, where he fell from a staging last week.

Mr. James A. Eddy has audaciously recovered from his recent illness to be at his place of business a short time each day.

Canochet Lodge, G. U. O. O. F., will make an excursion to Rocky Point on Thursday.

The Rhode Island Southern Press club will make an excursion to this city early in August.

Mr. Walter E. Hinton, of Washington, D. C., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Pearson on Berkeley street.

The city has been full of excursionists this week.

Mr. Fred P. Nason of New York is visiting relatives in this city.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

From Authentic Sources.
Presented by JAMES C. SWAN.

Something About the Slave Trade.

In the year 1804 the ports of South Carolina, by an act of its Legislature, under the permission of the Constitution of the United States, were opened for the importations of Africans. They remained open four years. During that time there were two hundred and two vessels entered a port of Charleston with 33,775 slaves by vessels.

ARRIVING TO		CONSIGNEES	
Charleston	61	Natives of Charleston	59
Newport	59	" of Rhode Island	4
Baltimore	4	and	83
Boston	1	" of Britain	91
Norfolk	2	" of France	10
Connecticut	1		
Sweden	1		
Britain	70		
France	3		
Total	202	Total	202

Whole number of slaves imported.
By British Vessels 10,640
" French 1,078 20,721

IN AMERICAN VESSELS.

ARRIVING TO		CONSIGNEES	
Charleston	8,717	Imported by Merchants and planters of Charleston and vicinity	2,000
Bristol R. I.	3,914	Newport	3,488
Providence	560	Warren	280
Baltimore	300	Savannah	300
Norfolk	251	Barfjord	250
Philadelphia	200	Philadelphia	200
New Orleans	100		
Total	83,775		

By the following list of 50 vessels (out of the 52 above mentioned), it appears that 29 of them were of their cargoes were owned by the people of Newport, showing how extensively engaged they were in that.

"SON OF ALL VIGILANCES."

Vessel.	Where Owned.	Owner of Cargo.
Brilliant	British	Newport
Argo	Newport	Ireland
Wira	"	Great Britain
Favorite	British	Newport
Lupin	"	"
Neptune	"	"
Love and Unity	"	"
Juliet	Newport	"
Louisiana	"	"
Wiam	"	"
Louisiana	British	"
Rambler	Newport	"
Fair American	Charleston	"
Factor	Newport	"
Louisa	"	"
Commerce	"	"
Neptune	"	"
For	"	"
Hiram	"	"
Love and Unity	British	"
Three Sisters	Newport	"
Maine	Newport	"
Independence	Baltimore	"
Agent	Newport	"
Fair Eliza	"	Great Britain
Fox	Charleston	Newport
Hop	Newport	"
Washington	"	Great Britain
Louisa	"	Newport
Louis Ann	"	Charleston
Eliza	Charleston	Newport
Unio	Newport	"
Mary	Newport	Charleston
James	"	Newport
Agent	"	"
Andromacho	"	"
Gov. Claiborne	"	France
Hiram	"	Newport
Semiramis	"	"
Neptune	"	"
Amey	"	"
Columbia	"	"
Factor	"	"
Lavinia	"	"
Leander	Charleston	"
Vulture	Newport	"
Eliza	"	"
Lark	"	"
Alfred	"	"
Hiram	"	"
Concord	"	"
Friendship	"	"
Flora	"	"
Ann and Harriet	"	"
Monticello	"	"
Baltimore	"	"
Juliet	"	"
Three Sisters	"	"
Botany and Sally	"	"
Eagle	"	"
Mary	"	"
Eagle	"	"
Hanna Bartlett	Charleston	"
Mary	"	"
Charles & Edmund	"	"
Experience	Boston	"
Ranbier	Newport	"
Eliza	British	"
Hope	Newport	"
Charlotte	"	"
Commerce	"	"
Wealthy Ann	Charleston	"
Columbia	Newport	"
Agnes	"	"
Yenus	Charleston	"
James	Newport	"
Heart of Oak	Baltimore	"
Horizon	British	"
Mary Ann	Charleston	"

WHAT SOMETIMES HAPPENED.

The Pursuit and Capture of a Slave.

"He leaves the coast of Africa, soon a British cruiser appears in sight. In vain the slave dealer crowds all sail for flight; the rescuing vessel gains upon him, and capture seems inevitable. One only chance remains, to baffle the discovery of his crime by destroying all the proofs. The time grows short, the English Lieutenant bears on, and runs about in advance almost weary of the foam-track of the slave. Fear gets the better of avarice. The negroes, confined in caiks, or laden with a sinking weight of iron, are swiftly lowered into the sea. One splash, and one shriek, and all is over. A moment's ripple curls where the sunny wave has closed over the dying; then the clear blue deep resumes its calm, and every trace of death and guilt is gone. Between those decks, so lately reeking with animal dissolution, the fresh wind blows again, and the pursuers, on coming up, find the vessel tenanted but by seamen. No matter that her build, her equipment, all the circumstances, all the incidents of herself, of her roffian com-

mander, and of his crew, conspire towards the one rank, irresistible suspicion; the only legal evidence is supplied with the sailors, and the miscreant triumphs in impunity.
To be continued.

Wants to Camp.

"The United Train of Artillery wants to go into camp. Under its new officers the organization has made rapid strides in the direction of increased numerical strength and efficiency as its appearance in the Fourth of July parade demonstrated. The battalion desires to go into camp, feeling that there exists a great need within its ranks for the benefits of the encampment experience as among the regular companies of the brigade. It has been proposed to have the Train and the Newport Artillery go into camp for a week together with proper military instructors. This can be done by securing the camp ground at Quonset Point, which it is not improbable can be placed at the service of the two organizations for a brief time.

This will create about as much discussion in military circles as anything that has occurred for some time. There is considerable feeling between the regular militia and the independent companies, and the possibility of the latter encamping on the grounds of the regulars will not tend to reduce this. It is a fact, however, that the camp grounds are still under the control of a Commission, which includes Congressman Bull, a staunch friend of the Newport Artillery among its members. Col. Arnold of the United Train is also possessed of considerable influence, and it would not be at all strange if the desired results were brought about."

Just how the members of the Newport Artillery will regard this scheme of the United Train is not known, but they will probably express their views at the meeting Tuesday evening.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Simson Hazard has leased to the Newport Asphalt Company a portion of Briggs Wharf for the owner, Mr. Benj. C. Briggs.

Maria B. Langley has sold to Edward Newton, trustee, for \$4000, one undivided fifth part of the estate on the west side of Thames street, containing 43,203 square feet, and known as Langley's wharf. Also a similar part of land, containing 9117 feet, with buildings thereon, on the north side of Fair street.

Joseph G. Munro of Buffalo, executor of the estate of the late George G. Munro, has sold to John Martin, 2d., and wife, for \$2500, a lot of land, with buildings, on Franklin street containing 4900 square feet.

Dellois, Hunter & Eldridge have rented for Professor Raphael Pumphrey his cottage on Gibbs avenue, to Mrs. James A. Hamilton of New York, for the season.

Dellois, Hunter & Eldridge have rented for the estate of F. K. Pendleton their cottage on Ochoe Point and the Cliffs to T. Saffern Teller for the season.

Fire Department Committee.

A special meeting of the fire department committee was held Tuesday evening when plans for a small addition to engine house No. 7 were adopted and the clerk authorized to advertise for bids for building the same. The architect of the new engine house for the No. 5's was directed to prepare plans for the heating apparatus and electric wiring for the building and to advertise for bids for doing the work, both sets of bids to be opened at the regular meeting of the committee. The board of firewards were directed to contract for a Holloway chemical engine to be used by the emergency corps.

Mrs. Maria B. Langley, who came here from Ottago, New Zealand, three years ago as the widow of Geo. Wey Langley to establish her claim to her late husband's interest in the John S. Langley estate, started Thursday on her return home, a journey of 22,000 miles. Her claim was opposed on the ground that Mr. Langley had a wife living at the time of her marriage to him, but in addition to her claim as widow she produced a will by which she was to inherit whatever her alleged husband possessed and succeeded in securing something over \$8000. In addition to this there is between \$3000 and \$4000 which will go to her children upon the establishment of their legitimacy. The late George Wey Langley was brother of Messrs. John S. and Overton G. Langley of this city.

The turtle captured by Captain Easterbrook of Portsmouth is now on exhibition at Easton's beach and is well worth seeing. It is over seven feet in length and weighs a trifle over twelve hundred pounds. It is of the species known as the leather-back turtle.

Miss Mattie Hayes of this city entertained the guests at the Ocean House Thursday evening with a charming song recital, accompanied by Mr. Josef Rechan, the pianist of Prof. Bowron's orchestra.

Mr. A. C. Thompson of Westerly, has been visiting Newport friends this week.

Mrs. Charles Lowell of Fall River was in the city yesterday.

AT MARKET VALUE

By GRANT ALLEN.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

A LITRARIAN DEBUT.

After that serious accident Arnold Willoughby lay ill in his bed for several days before he felt fit for anything. Meanwhile, as is the wont of sailor folk on such hard voyages, he was left entirely to himself, or, at least, to the ministrations of his rough companions. At last one day, more to still the throbs of pain in his shattered right hand than anything else, he asked for the manuscript of his Venetian ophor.

"Oh, that!" his mistress said as soon as Arnold had clearly explained just what it was he wanted. "That bundle of yellow paper? I threw them out one day. A pack of rubbish. I thought it was nothing."

"What! thrown out?" Arnold exclaimed, taken aback and horrified at such vandalism.

The mistress nodded. "Yes, the old sailor man," he answered. "Them loose sheets, all torn and stained, if that's what you mean. They were up to the neck in ink. I didn't set no store by 'em."

"And the notebook?" Arnold asked, with that little tremor of fear which comes over one when one feels the work of months may have been destroyed or rendered useless by some casual piece of unthinking carelessness.

"Oh, the notebook! No; not them. They're safe enough in yonder," the sailor answered, nodding backward toward the locker by the bunk. "I thought they were more like, and I didn't chuck 'em."

"Get them out," Arnold cried nervously. "Let me see them. I want them." It occurred to him that in his present necessity he might be able to make something out of his paltry translation even if the original manuscript itself had really perished.

The sailor brought them out. Arnold glanced through them rapidly. Yes, yes, they were all there, quite safe. And as the drowning man grasps the proverbial straw so Arnold Willoughby, in his need, clung to that precious manuscript. He laid it carefully under his pillow when he slept, and he spent a large part of his waking time in polishing and improving the diction of his translation.

When at last they returned to Dundee, Arnold found he had to go into hospital for a fortnight. No sooner was he out again, however, than he made up his mind, maimed hand and all, to go up to London and look out for Kathleen Heggrove. The impression printed upon his brain by that episode of the feverish period with double force now he was fairly ashore again. Should he not go to his old home at least the chance of finding herself a freer woman than he had ever thought her?

He went up to London by sea to save expense, carrying his precious manuscript of the Elizabethan sailor. As soon as he landed he took a room in a small lodging house in the seafaring quarter. Then he set to work at once to hunt up the London directory so as to discover if he could where the Heggroves were living.

He knew nothing, of course, of Mrs. Heggrove's death, but he saw by the directory that she was no longer ensconced in the old rooms at Kensington. The only Heggroves now known to the big red volume, was Mr. Heggrove, a retired member of a Capel court, city, at down with half a dozen other assorted names, for a flat in a small lodging house in the abyss of Brompton.

Now, Arnold remembered quite well that Kathleen's brother was named Reginald, so to the unfashionable lodging house in the abyss of Brompton he directed his steps accordingly.

"Is Mrs. Heggrove living here?" he asked the slipshod maid who opened the door to him.

The slipshod maid mumbled "yes" in an indistinct voice, holding the door in her hand as she said it. Arnold, after the fashion of her kind, as if to bar his entrance, but Arnold slipped past her sideways by a side door, and the slipshod maid, accepting her accomplished facts, showed him up with a very bad grace to the rooms on the first floor which Reginald had occupied before his marriage, and which he was now occupied by hard degrees of fate to share with Florence.

The slipshod maid pushed open the door, and with the muttered words, "Gentlemen, see you, mum—Mr. Wilby," disappeared down stairs again with shuffling rapidity.

But for the moment Arnold found himself face to face with the vision of beauty in the fluffy black hair, cut short all over and frizzed like a Pampin's, he saw at once this couldn't be his Mrs. Heggrove. "I beg your pardon," he said, hesitating. "I think there must be some mistake. I wanted to see Mrs. Heggrove."

"I am Mrs. Heggrove," Florence answered, with dignity. Five foot two can be dignified when it makes its mind up to it.

Arnold started a little. "Then I suppose you must be Mr. Reginald Heggrove's wife," he exclaimed, taken aback. "I didn't know he was married."

"He's not been married very long," Florence admitted, with her pretty, coquettish smile, which recent misfortunes had not entirely clouded. "Did you want to see Reginald? He's just now come in, and he'll be down in a minute."

Arnold took a seat and waited, but he couldn't resist the temptation to ask at once meanwhile the latest tidings of Kathleen. Florence had by this time ascertained from her husband a considerable dislike of that hard-hearted woman, who wouldn't marry a rich man—such an easy thing to do—on purpose because she didn't want to be of use to dear Reginald. So her answers were of a sort which made Arnold suspect she didn't particularly care for her newly-acquired sister-in-law. By the time Reginald came down indeed she had made her position tolerably plain to Arnold, and had also managed, with innate feminine astuteness, to arrive at the conclusion that this was the other man whom Kathleen had known a couple of years ago at Venice. Nay, so convinced was she of this fact that she made some little excuse to leave Arnold alone in the room for a minute while she ran up stairs to communicate her suspicions on the point to Reginald. This she did, and the other man, must be promptly crushed in the interests of the family.

When Reginald came down, he fully shared Kathleen's view. The very earnestness with which the stranger asked about Kitty's health showed Reginald at once he had very good reasons for wishing to see her.

Now, Reginald, though a really young man, was by no means a fool where his own interests were concerned. On the contrary, he was well endowed with that intuitive cunning which enables a man to find out at once whatever is most to his personal advantage. So, having arrived instinctively at the conclusion that this was the other fellow of whom his sister had spoken, he proceeded, as he phrased it himself, to put a spoke in the other fellow's wheel on the subject of Kathleen.

"Oh, no, my sister's not in town," he said, with a slight smile and a quick side glance at Florence, as a warning that she was not on any account to contradict his flagrant departure from historical accuracy. "She's gone down into the country—to Cromer, in fact," Reginald continued.

growing color in the details of the performance as he eyed Arnold Willoughby. "She's going to stay there with some friends of ours to meet another old Venetian acquaintance whom I dare say you know—a charming young American—Mr. Rufus Mortimer."

Reginald delivered this bombastic direct, watching his visitor's face as he did so, to see whether it roused any appreciable emotion, and he was not disappointed with the result of his clever move. To be "checked" most decidedly, Arnold Willoughby gave a sudden start.

"Rufus Mortimer?" he exclaimed. "She's going down to Cromer to stop with some friends in the same house with Rufus Mortimer?"

"Yes," Reginald answered carelessly. Then he smiled to himself a curious and very significant smile. "The fact is," he went on boldly, determined to make the spoke in the other fellow's wheel a good big round one while he was about it, "they're very thick together just now, our Kitty and the American. Between ourselves, as you call a friend of the family's and know the dear old man, I don't mind telling you—I rather expect to reckon Rufus Mortimer as my brother-in-law elect before many weeks are over." And this last remark, so far as Mr. Reginald's own expectations were concerned, could not be condemned as wholly untruthful.

"Are they engaged then?" Arnold asked, quivering. His worst fears were confirmed. Fearing the earl in disguise, Kathleen had flung herself into the arms of the American millionaire as next best among her chances.

"Well, not exactly engaged, don't you know," Reginald responded dryly. "Not quite what you can call engaged perhaps, but it's an understood thing all the same in the family."

Arnold Willoughby's heart sank like lead. He didn't know why, but somehow, ever since that afternoon in the tea parlour, he had cherished day and night a sort of irrational, instinctive belief that after all he was mistaken, and that Kathleen loved him. Yet now he saw once more he was in error on that point. She was really nothing more than the self-seeking, money-loving, position-hunting girl that her own mother had so frankly represented her to be that fateful day in the rooms by the Elizabethan.

Poor Kathleen! She was indeed unfortunate in her relations. At Venice it was Mrs. Heggrove, in London it was Reginald who so cruelly misrepresented her to her much misled lover.

Arnold didn't stop long, nor did he ask for Kathleen's address. After all, if she were really going to marry Rufus Mortimer, it would be a pity for him to intrude at such a moment on her happiness. Mortimer was rich and would make her comfortable. Money was what she wanted, and if Kathleen wanted it, he had thought he broke off in his own mind suddenly. No, no; it wasn't money she wanted, but a faithful, innocent Kathleen—of that he felt certain. And yet, if she really meant to marry Rufus Mortimer, it was at least his duty not to step in now between the prospective bride and her rich, new lover, who could do so much more for her than ever he himself could do.

As soon as he was gone Master Reginald turned philosophically to Florence and observed, with a smile: "I settled his lunch, I flatter myself. He won't bother her any more. I've sent him about his business. And a precious good thing for herself, too, if it comes to that, for just fancy a girl like Kitty being tied for life to a fellow in sailor clothes, and badly out at that, with no right hand to brag about!"

But as for Arnold, he took his way sadly down the crowded streets, with the last remnants of a heart well nigh crushed out of him.

However, as long as a man lives he has to think about his living. Bread and cheese we must have, though our hearts be breaking. Next day accordingly Arnold called at a well known firm of publishers in the city, Stanley & Lockhart, by name, to ask whether any decision had yet been arrived at about the translation from an Italian, original he had sent them by post from Dundee a fortnight earlier.

The senior partner, an acute looking man with very little hair on his head to boast of, gazed hard at his visitor.

"Well, yes, Mr. Willoughby," he said, with a dry business smile. "I've looked at your manuscript, and our reader has reported on it, and I'm free to tell you we think very well of it. It's one of the most brilliant bits of historical fiction we've had submitted to us for a long time."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Arnold interposed, coloring slightly. "I think you're laboring under a misapprehension. Have you read the introduction? I have explained that it's translated from an Italian manuscript."

"Yes, yes," Mr. Stanley broke in, smiling still more broadly. "I know all that, of course. It's admirable, admirable. Nothing could be better done. Falls in exactly with the current taste for high speed and strongly flavored historical romance, with a good dash of bloodshed, and the introduction itself is one of the best parts—so circumstantial and solemn and with such an innocent air of truth and sincerity."

"But it is true, you know," Arnold cried, annoyed at being doubted, which was the one thing a man of his sensitive honor could never put up with. "I found the manuscript at Venice in a tiny little shop exactly under the circumstances I there describe, and I translated it into English during my spare time on board ship in two northern voyages."

"Indeed!" the publisher replied, with a quiet, self-restrained smile. He was accustomed to dealing with these imaginative authors, some of whom, it is whispered, do not entirely confine their faculty of fiction to mere literary products. "And where is the manuscript now? It would be no interesting document."

"Unfortunately it's lost," Arnold Willoughby answered, growing hot. "One of my fellow sailors took it out of my locker while I was confined to my bunk with this injured hand of mine and destroyed it or threw it overboard. At any rate, it's not forthcoming. And I'm sorry for that, as it's of historical importance, and of course it would be useful in proving the authenticity and value of the narrative."

"Very useful indeed," Mr. Stanley replied, with a meaning smile, which again annoyed Arnold. "However, the question now is not as to the authenticity or authorship of the narrative at all, but as to its money worth for purposes of publication. We will agree that it is essentially a work of fiction. Whether it was written by you or by Master John Collingham of Holt, in Norfolk, it's still a work of fiction. He may have designed it to amuse or to deceive the council of ten, but any way I tell you he was a first rate novelist. I deal in these things, and I flatter myself I know a work of art when I see it. Well, now, then, let's get to business, Mr. Willoughby. What I should propose to do is to buy the copyright outright from you. And as this is a doubtful venture by a new author, suppose we make you an offer of £50 for the manuscript."

Arnold's heart gave a wild leap. Fifty pounds! Why, as things now went, twice a perfect fortune! On £50 he could settle for a fortnight. Since he ceased to be earl of Amherst he had never for a moment had so large a sum at once in his possession.

He didn't know he was making a bad bargain, and indeed that even if some one else of greater experience had stood by his side to warn him against selling a piece of property of unknown value outright like that for the first sum offered he would probably have answered, and perhaps answered rightly, "I'd rather take £50 down and be certain of my money than speculate on what may perhaps be a bad investment."

Fifty pounds down is a big sum to a beginner, and the beginner would most often be justified in taking it.

At any rate, Arnold jumped at it. His face flushed with pleasure.

"I should be delighted," he said, "to accept such an offer. And the book would come out!"

At the beginning of the new season. Very well, then, that's settled," Mr. Stanley took up a blank form of agreement lying carelessly by his side, and filling it in rapidly.

"Suppose we make you an offer of £50 for the manuscript?"

With name, date and title, as well as valuable consideration, handed it across forthwith for inspection to Arnold. "Is that right?" he asked, with a wave of his pen.

"Quite right," Arnold answered, "except that of course you must sign 'Written by me.' It ought to be 'Dictated and translated by me.' I can't sell you as mine what I have never written."

The publisher gave a short snarl of suppressed impatience, but drew his pen half angrily through the penicillations.

"There. Will that satisfy you?" he asked. And Arnold, glancing at it, took up the proffered pen and signed his name at the bottom.

Mr. Stanley drew a check and handed it over to him. Arnold scanned it and handed it back.

"I'm afraid this won't do," he said. "It's crossed, I see, and it happens to be no banking account. Could you kindly give me one drawn simply to bearer?"

"No banking account?" the publisher cried. "This was certainly a very queer sort of literary man he had ever yet come across."

"No," Arnold answered stoutly. "You must remember I'm nothing but a common sailor."

The man of business drew a second check, tearing up the first as soon as he had done so.

"But where did you learn Italian?" he asked. "And how did you pick up all this intimate knowledge of Elizabethan England and Spain and Italy?"

"You forget that was all in the manuscript," Arnold answered simply. The publisher waved his hand again. "Twas an impudent wave. There was really no dealing with a fellow like this, who told a lie and stuck to it."

"Ah, true," he mused reflectively, with the same curious smile. "Well, Mr. Willoughby, I should say you have a great future in fiction before you."

Arnold hardly knew whether to accept that remark as a compliment or otherwise. But as he hesitated the publisher's states that morning he had got rid of the copyright and all property and interest in a work entitled "An Elizabethan Sailor," to Messrs. Stanley & Lockhart, their heirs and executors, in consideration of the sum of £50. And Mr. Stanley was saying to Mr. Lockhart in the privacy of the counting house: "I'll tell you what it is, Lockhart. I believe we've got hold of a second Rider Haggard. I never read anything more interesting in my life than this sailor fellow's narrative. It has an air of history about it that's positively astonishing. Heaven knows where he learned to write such English as that, but he writes it admirably."

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN ANGEL FROM THE WEST.

Rufus Mortimer lay stretched at full length on the heather clad dune of a Surrey hilltop. He was turning lazily over the pages of a weekly paper. He passed from the politics to the social "noddies" and from the middles again to the reviews and the literary column. It was dull, deadly dull, the self-laudatory communiques of second rate amateurs. His eye ran carelessly through the items of news and the hints of forthcoming works. "We understand that the article on 'Richelieu and His Contemporaries' in the current number of the South British Quarterly, which is attracting so much attention in well informed circles at the present moment, is from the pen of the learned pen of Mr. J. Anstruther Maclearen, the well known authority on the age of the Bourbons."

Mr. Edmund Wilkes, Q. C., denies the report that he is the author of that clever so-called sketch, "An Archbishop's Daughter-in-law," which has caused so much excitement, and so many seraficings of heart in high ecclesiastical and legal quarters during the present season. We are also assured there is no good ground for attributing the work to the wife of the veteran Dean of Northborough, whose finished literary handicraft does not in any way resemble the crude and unformed style of that now famous story. The work bears, on the contrary, internal traces of being due to the sprightly wit of a very young lady acquainted with the clerical society of a northern cathedral town, but little at home in the great world of London."

Rufus Mortimer was a man of his word. Moreover, like all the higher natures, he was raised far above the petty meanness of jealousy. If he loved Kathleen, he could not help desiring to whatever would please her, even though it were that hard task to find for her sake the lover who was to supplant him. As soon as he read those words he had but one thought in his mind—he must go up to town at once and see whether Stanley and Lockhart could supply him with the address of their new author.

In five minutes more he was back at his lodgings, whither he had come down partly for rest and change after his fresh disappointment, partly to paint a little purple poem of English moorland landscape for an American exhibition. He turned to his Bradshaw eagerly. An up train would be due in 30 minutes. It was sharp work to catch it, for his rooms on the hilltop lay more than a mile from the station, but off he set at a run, so eager was he to find out the truth about Arnold Willoughby.

At the station he had just time to dispatch a hasty telegram up to town to Kathleen: "Am on the track of the missing man. Will wire again tonight. Have good hopes of finding him," when the train steamed in, and he jumped impetuously into a first class carriage.

At Waterloo he hailed a hansom and drove straight to Stanley & Lockhart's. He sent up his card and asked if he might see one of the partners. The American millionaire's name was well known to him in London to secure him at once a favorable reception. Mr. Stanley received him with the respect justly due to so many hard dollars. He came provided with the universal passport, Rufus Mortimer went straight to the business in hand. Could Mr. Stanley inform him of the present address of Mr. Arnold Willoughby, the editor of this new book, "An Elizabethan Sailor?"

Mr. Stanley hesitated.

"Are you a friend of Mr. Willoughby's?" he asked, looking out over his spectacles. "For you know he poses as a sort of dark horse. He's reticent about himself, and we don't even know whether Arnold Willoughby is his real name or a pseudonym. He poses like an actor and pretends to be a common sailor."

"Oh, yes," Mortimer answered, smiling. "Willoughby's his own name, right enough, and he is what he seems to be, an able-bodied mariner. But he's a very remarkable man in his way of thought—a painter, a reader, extremely well informed and in every sense a gentleman. There are no flimsies on Willoughby."

"No flimsies," Rufus answered, with a passionate smile for English dullness. "I mean he's fresh and clever and original."

"So we gathered," the head of the firm replied. "Well, to anybody but you, Mr. Mortimer, we would refuse the address, but I suppose we may take it for granted that you are a friend of his and that purposes which Mr. Willoughby himself would approve of."

"I hope so," Rufus answered good humoredly. "I want it, first, for myself, and secondly, for a person in whom I may venture to say, Mr. Willoughby is deeply interested."

The publisher raised his eyebrows. That was the very worst plea Rufus Mortimer could have put in, for when a man's clearly skulking from the eyes of the world the person (presumably a lady) who is most deeply interested in him is often than not the one creature on earth he's most anxious to hide from. So the wise man hesitated.

"Well, I don't know whether I ought to tell you," he said at last, shading his eyes with his hand. "But, to be quite frank with you, we don't exactly know whether we've got his real address or not. He has his proofs posted to him at a small seafaring coffee house somewhere right away down in the far east end, and that's hardly the sort of place where a man of letters such as he evidently is would be likely to be lodging."

Rufus Mortimer smiled once more.

"I expect it's where he lodges," he answered. "At Venice he used to board in the house of a sort of inferior marine stores dealer. He's a live man, is Willoughby. He doesn't trouble himself much about the upholstery and the fripperies."

The publisher still half unconvinced, wrote down the address on a slip of paper, and Mortimer, still thinking him for it, rushed off to another cab and hurried away at full speed to the East End coffee house.

Fortunately Arnold Willoughby was in. He had little to go out for, Mortimer went up to his room—a plain small bedroom on the second floor, very simply furnished, but clean and comfortable. He was taken aback at the first look of the man. Arnold seemed thinner than at Venice, very worn and ill looking. But he started up at the sound of Mortimer's cheery voice, which he recognized at once, with his scarcely perceptible change of pleasant and cultivated Pennsylvania accent. Then he held out his hand. Mortimer saw for himself that the right hung half idle by his side as if paralyzed.

"Why, what does this mean?" he asked quickly.

Arnold smiled in reply and grasped his friend's hand warmly, though to say the truth he felt not quite at ease with the man who was to marry Kathleen Heggrove. He would have been glad in some ways to be spared this visit, though now it was thrust upon him, he was really thankful in others that he was to know the truth and to put himself once more in rapport with Kathleen.

"Oh, nothing much," he answered, forcing a difficult smile. "I got crushed in an iceberg accident. Worse calamities happen at sea, though it's mimed my painting hand, which is always a misfortune."

"Is it serious?" Mortimer asked, with interest.

"Well, the doctors tell me it'll never be good for anything much again," Arnold answered bravely. "I can learn to write"

(Continued on third page.)

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JULY 1, 1893, to and including AUGUST 31, 1893.

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